Lau. Who bare my letter then to *Romeo?*
John. I could not send it, here it is againe,
Nor get a Messenger to bring it thee,
So fearefull were they of infection.
Lau. Unhappy fortune, by my brotherhood
The letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of deare import; and the neglecting it
May doe much danger. Frier *John* goe hence,
Get me an iron Crow, and bring it straight
Unto my Cell.

Exit.

John. Brother Ile goe and bring it thee.
Lau. Now must I to the Monument alone,
Within these three houres will faire *Juliet* wake;
She will beshrew me much that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write againe to *Mantua*,
And keepe her at my Cell till *Romeo* come,
Poore living coarse clos'd in a dead mans tombe.

Exit.

Enter Paris *and his Page.*

Par. Give me thy torch boy, hence, & stand aloofe,
Yet put it out, for I would not be seene:
Under yond young trees lay thee all along,
Holding thy eare close to the hollow ground,
So shall no foot upon the Churchyard tread,
Being loose, unfirme, with digging up of graves,
But thou shalt heare it: whistle then to me,
As signall that thou hearest something approach.
Give me those flowers, doe as I bid thee, goe.
Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the Churchyard, yet I will adventure.
Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridall bed I strew:
O woe, thy Canopy is dust and stones,
Which with sweet water nightly I will new;
Or wanting that, with teares distill'd by mones,
The Obsequies that I for thee will keepe,

Nightly

Nightly shall be, to strew thy grave and weep.

Whistle Boy.

The Boy gives warning, something doth approach:
What curst foot wanders this way to night,
To crosse my obsequies and true loves right?
What with a torch? night muffle me a while.

Enter Romeo *and* Balthazer *his man.*

Rom. Give me the mattocke and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter, early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my Lord and father.
Give me the light; upon thy life I charge thee
What ere thou hear'st or seest stand all aloofe,
And doe not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face,
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring; a ring that I must use
In deare employment: therefore hence, be gone.
But if thou jealous dost returne to pry
In what I farther shall intend to doe,
By heaven I will teare thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry Churchyard with thy limbs:
The time and my intents are savage wild,
More fierce and more inexorable farre,
Than empty Tigers, or the roaring sea.
Bal. I will be gone sir, and not trouble you.
Rom. So shalt thou shew me friendship: take thou that,
Live and be prosperous, and farewell good fellow.
Bal. For all this same Ile hide me hereabout,
His lookes I feare, and his intents I doubt.
Rom. Thou detestable maw; thou wombe of death,
Gorg'd with the deerest morsell of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jawes to open,
And in despite Ile cram thee with more food.
Par. This is that banisht haughty *Mountague*,
That murdred my Loves cousin; with which griefe
It is supposed the faire creature died;

And